

# Field

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She imagines herself in a well lit room: white light, white walls, white heat and all the time she'll ever need to make herself over again and again. There is a whisper. There is the cock crow. *You're so pretty when you're unfaithful to me.* She gets dressed. They'll be home any minute. She remembers the first time she rode a bicycle, remembers a rooftop garden, the view of downtown's skyline. She doesn't believe in ghosts or the Father or Son. She believes that once upon a created time there were no heroes or villains; only flat-lands, clouds and dirt.

